# Select Miscellany.

## LATIN AND GREEK MUST GO.

Charles Francis Adams, Junior, girds at Greek.
And scowls and storms at Latin's pale futility,
And vows that college henceforth must seek
Studies more modern, tongues of more utility.
He carries out his argument with too much vigor rather,
Showing how Greek and Latin injured his own father.

Ovid is dull, and Horace somewhat slow;
Hang Latin anyway; there's nothing in it he
Thinks worth the reading. All of it must go.
Adams sets down his foot on all Latinity,
No more shall yawning schoolboys loll and labor dully,
O'er mild Lucretius or o'er smirking Tully.

In youngsters' heads no more shall Greek be crammed—
That language ancient, useless and indigent;
Homer and Æschylus must be burned and damned;
Sad stuff is Sophocles and worse Euripides;
Plato's a crank, Thucydides a bore is,
And Pop Herodotus tells Ochiltreean stories.

Down with the Greeks and Latins! Hip, hooray!
The time has come that college dons must toss over
What part of learning's cargo doesn't pay—
Sink each old pagan poet and philosopher;
With thrifty hand young Adams cuffs and dollars
All knowledge which cannot be changed to dollars.

Leave such poor knowledge to the quest of fools
Who needs must live in as they study, attic; all
The youth that fain would master railroad pools
Must have a training, modern, mathematical;
Stick to what pays; Americans must hurry;
Let who wants scholarship read the guides of Murray.

Down with the classic idols! Crash and smash!
The gods whose worship brings not bread and butter;
Up with the gods whose shrines are filled with cash.
Latin and Greek must go, though relics still may sputter.
Latin and Greek must go; Adams dares to spurn 'em,
Because, as he admits, he hadn't brains to learn 'em.

—*New York Sun.*

## Two Mothers.

[CONCLUDED.]

PART IV.—STEPS AND STAIRS.

Although I am writing in the interests of abstinence, I must not leave my readers to think that Mrs. Beamish could only talk about that. The thing that was most active in her was a deep well of motherly feeling. That brimmed over more than anything else: and before my companion and I had left the house, we had heard the history of every member of her family, from the mayor down.

Of the eight, all were still living except one. And the story of the death of that one—"My Emily"—was as touching a description of a beautiful young life cut down in its bloom, as I ever listened to. The dear old lady! She cried all the time she was recounting the tender passages of conversation between Emily and herself in the closing days. "Yiss, yiss," she said, "they had all left me by then, except Ronal and hersel'. Ronal was the youngest, she was nixt. And it was like to break Ronal's heart when she died."

At this point, partly to rest the old lady, partly to turn her thoughts away from her grief, H. said: "But it is plain, Mrs. Beamish, that you have been very happy in your children."

"Yiss," she replied, her face kindling up. "No mother was iver happier. They niver said an ill word to me, niver, not one of them. And they haf all turned out well. And since Mr. Beamish died, they haf kept me like a queen. When they wer' young, just childer, Mr. Lake—he was the Earl's factor—when he would be comin' to Cullossie to do business with Mr. Beamish—Mr. Beamish was law agent under him on that part of the Earl's estate—well, Mr. Lake always came to call on me, and always he would say, for he was a fine man, Mr. Lake; always he would say: 'Mrs. Beamish, your childer are the finest childer I see, and they are just like steps and stairs.' Then he would say: 'Could I see the childer?' And I sent out and got them all brought in, and he would take them one by one, beginning with Ronal, and goin' up to Benjamin—that's the mayor—and when he had put them all in a row, one head rising above another, he would look over to me and smile, and say: 'Just as I said, Mrs. Beamish, steps and stairs. An' may they be steps an' stairs to lead their mother up into the house of the happy.' Then he would lift up Ronal an' Emily, and give them a kiss. And when he went away, they would always find half-a-crown in their dress, behind their neck. He was such a kind, funny man, Mr. Lake."

By this time, however, it was very late, and as we had to go by an early train, we bade our interesting hostess "good-night," and went off to bed.

PART V.—"MY RONAL."

As our train was to leave at nine next morning, and we had a two-miles' drive to the station, it was necessary that we should be early at the breakfast table. Our good hostess was in her place before us. H. at once took up the thread of the previous night's conversation, and said: "You did not tell us the story of your youngest son, Mrs. Beamish."

"No," replied the old lady, "and I fear there is not time to tell it this morning; but since you are so kind to be interested in it, I will try. We never thought Ronal clever, but only good. And when Mr. Beamish died, there was no chance of him getting into anybody else's office at Cullossie. So he and other two lads said, 'Let us go away and try our fortunes at Australia.' They had been at school together, and they were all three decent lads. There was Archie McGillivrey, and Neil MacTavish, and my Ronal. It was in the time of the gold digging near Melbourne. So the three lads got a cradle made for washing the gold, and they got picks and shovels, and rough clothes, and they went away to Australia.

"It was a sore day for some when the steamer came in for the lads. There were many friends to see them away. And I think they were all very sorry. The minister gave them his blessing. Miss Black—that was the banker's daughter; she and Ronal had always been very friendly—she said: 'Do not be long in making your fortunes.' And Mary MacTavish—that was Neil's sister—she said: 'Do not forget that you are the Cullossie abstainers.' And with that they got away.

"And they got to Melbourne all right, and by and by to the diggings. But it was slow work. They did not make laborer's wages at it. And at the end of the year the three lads said they would not try any longer there; but they would go to new diggings two hundred miles away. So they gathered up their shovels, and their picks and the cradle, and they set out to walk to the new diggings. About half way to the place they had to cross the road to Melbourne. And when they came to the crossing, Ronal said, 'I think I will not go farther this way; I will try Melbourne; you are welcome to my share in the cradle.' And so it was settled. The other two went on, and he, with his pick and his shovel, turned down to walk to Melbourne. It was a long walk, more than four days it took. And when at last he entered the city, he had just seven shillings and six pence in his pocket, and his pick and shovel to sell. Well, he first of all sold his pick, that brought him other five shillings; and then, with his shovel over his shoulder, he walked down the main street to look for a job or a place. And to his surprise, as he was walking along, he heard his name called out: 'Ronal Beamish of Cullossie, is that you?' the voice said. It was Mr. MacGilligan, a Cullossie man himself, that used to keep a public at the harbor. He had a hotel in Melbourne now. 'Is this really my good old friend Mr. Beamish's son?' said he. 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Ronal. Your father was a worthy gentleman and a good business man in the law, as I know. And what are you doing here, Mr. Ronal?' 'I am looking about for a situation, Mr. MacGilligan.' 'Well, Mr. Ronal, there is one just waiting for you here. I want a decent lad to take charge of my bar, and I will give Mr. Beamish of Cullossie's son the preference and one pound ten shillings a week and his board, if he will have the place.' 'It is very kind of you, Mr. MacGilligan,' said Ronal, 'and I am very much obleeged to you indeed; but it is a work I could not undertake, for you see I am an abstainer.' 'Well,' said Mr. MacGilligan, 'I honor you for that, and I'm very sorry I cannot have you. But all the same, you will come in and have your dinner with me, and you will be better able after it to look for another place.' So when dinner was over, he started out again and went further down the street until he came to a new house that was being built of bricks. He stopped before it, on the other side of the street, and leaning himself against a paling began to watch the bricklayers laying the bricks. He looked at them for two hours. Then he thought, 'That's a work I could do, if I had the chance.' So he crossed over and asked the master if he whould give him a trial. 'But you are not a bricklayer,' said the master. 'No, but I am willing to learn.' 'Very well; I will give you 'prentice wages till you learn—that is twelve shillings a week—and you can begin to-morrow morning.' Well, he had twelve shillings and sixpence in his pocket, and he had his shovel, and now he had the promise of twelve shillings at the end of a week. He looked about till he got a small lodging, and next morning he began at the bricks. And he soon picked up the right way of laying the bricks; and at the end of a month the master said, 'Beamish, you shall have journeyman's wages after this.' That was two pounds a week.

"Ronal was very proud of that. And a better thing still happened to him a few months after. His master got a house in the country to build, but he could not go to it himself, so he called Ronal into the office and said: "I see you are a sober lad, and faithful at your work, and if you will go out to the country for me, with three or four men, and build this house, you shall have three pounds till the job is finished.' Ronal was able to lay past money now, and before the year was out he had fifty pounds in the bank.

PART VI.—A THRIVING FARM.

"Well, he had set his heart on having a bit of land, and he applied to the government and got a hundred and sixty acres, and, by-and-by, he built a small cottage on it. He had to do that in order to get a title for it. But he did not go to live there for a good while after. He worked at the bricklaying for more than two years, and at the end of that time he had saved as much as would, in a small way, stock his bit of ground. So he left the bricklaying and went to his farm. And he saw that it lay in a good place, that there was plenty of water there, and that it would be near the market in Melbourne. So he applied for a second lot of a hundred and sixty acres beside it, and bit by bit Ronal grew to be a farmer—but in a small way, you know. He built a place for the cattle, he got a horse and some cows, he got a plow and other things as he could, and soon he had a good crop on the ground. But it was very lonesome for the lad. It was ten miles from Melbourne, and there was no one there but himself—no one to help him or speak to him. Help at that time was not to be had in Melbourne. Everybody was away at the diggings.

"'If I only had some one to take chairge of the dairy,' he thought, 'I could manage the rest.' Well, he wrote home to the mayor, and said, 'You go north to Cullossie and see Miss Black, and see if she would come out and take chairge of the dairy.' So Benjamin—that's the mayor—went all the way north to Cullossie to see Miss Black. 'Miss Black,' said he, 'I have come to ask a favor of you.' 'And what is that?' said she. 'It is that you would go out to Ronal, and take charge of his dairy.' 'Tell me, then, Mr. Beamish, if I went out, what I would have to do.' 'Well,' said the mayor, 'it would be, may be, a bit hard for you at first. You would have to milk the cows and make the butter.' 'Are there any servants?' said she. 'I am afraid there are no servants yet, Miss Black, there would be only you and Ronal.' 'Well. Mr. Beamish, I will not go one step. I have been accustomed to have servants all my days, and I am not going to Australia to be a servant myself.' The mayor was very vexed. He tried hard for more than two hours to change her, but she would not change. She had given him her answer, and at last he came away.

"He was staying at MacTavish's; that was the father of Neil. He was an old friend of our family, a very worthy man, a farmer, and lived about a mile outside of the town. And when he came back to the farm from Cullossie, they saw he had got a refusal, for he was very dull. But nothing was said. But when he saw Mary MacTavish setting the supper herself and going about the house so blithe and helpful, it came into his mind that it was a pity that Ronal had not happened on Mary instead of Miss Black. And when he came home here—I had come to England by that time—he said to me: 'Mother, it's a great pity but Ronal had happened on Mary MacMavish instead of Miss Black.' And I said to him: 'Well, Benjamin, just you say that to Ronal when you write. And he did say it. He said: 'Ronal dear, if your heart could turn to Mary MacTavish, she would be the wife for you. She is just an angel in her father's house. And she has been a fairmer all her days, and knows the outs and ins of the dairy.'

"Well, Ronal wrote back by the very next post and said to the mayor: 'Benjie, my own good brother, you will go back to Cullossie, like the good helper you are, and ask Mary MacTavish if she will come and take charge of my dairy.' And the mayor went back to Cullossie; and he said to Mary: 'Mary, I have come to ask if you will go out to Ronal. Ronal will be very kind to you, Mary. Though he is my brother I will say he is a good lad, Ronal.' And Mary, her face got very red. She looked to her father and mother, and the tears came into her eyes, and she said; 'If my father and mother could want me, and would give me their blessing, I would go out to Ronal, for I have known him and been friendly with him all my days.'

"And it was settled that very night. And in a month after Mr. and Mrs. MacTavish brought Mary up to us here. And the mayor and they took her to London and saw her away in an Australian vessel. And she has been such a good wife to Ronal. And they have been as happy as ever two human creatures were. And they have three of the prettiest children—I have their photographs. And they are prosperous on the farm. Last year they took in another lot of a hundred and sixty acres; they have four hundred and eighty acres now. And they have thirty milk cows and six horses, and men servants and women servants. And they have sheep in one part and wheat in another. And they have a buggy—that's a carriage—to ride in. And next year, or next again, they are coming home to visit the old people at Cullossie and us."

Mrs. Beamish had told us all this without a pause. The perspiration was streaming down her cheeks. And our time was more than up. But as the old lady was rubbing her face dry with her handkerchief, H. struck in and said:

"And Miss Black, Mrs. Beamish; what about Miss Black?"

"Ay," said the old lady, with a motherly emphasis on the last word, "she is Miss Black *still*."

POSTSCRIPT.

I am happy to be able to add that the other Cullossie lads prospered also, although in a different way. They started a store for agricultural implements in a town about thirty miles from Melbourne, and are doing well. I ought to have mentioned that Ronal called his farm Cullossie.—*Alexander McLeod, in Christian Union.*

## Carpentry as a Hobby.

"Send that dressed stuff home this afternoon, sure," said a boss carpenter to his assistant, giving him the address of a well-known banker.

"You seem to be doing a lively business," remarked the reporter.

"We have quite a run of custom," said the carpenter, "but it happens in this instance, as in several others I could mention, that we are not going to do the actual job at all. Our part in the operation ends with getting out the stuff; the work, whatever it is, will be done by the purchaser."

"The fact is that a considerable number of well-to-do persons have a curious fancy for doing carpentry work; it's a sort of mild mania with them. They do not do it to save money, for they are terrible destroyers of wood, and this clear, nicely dressed stuff is costly. But it seems to be a relief for men who work with their brains to start up a job now and then with their hands. I know an up-town physician who often devotes several hours to carpentry after a hard day's work in his profession. He once left word for me to call at eleven o'clock at night to help him do some ripping on hard stuff; we did not get through until two o'clock in the morning. His wife told me she had long since become accustomed to his hammering, and did not mind it. He was excitable and deeply interested in his profession; carpentry work quieted his nerves. The doctor always looked at a piece of wood very attentively before sawing it, and measured it up with his eye. I think he was calculating for the job pretty much as though he was having to do with an arm or leg. It seems kind of natural that a surgeon should take to carpentry.

"These amateur carpenters do good work sometimes. You would be surprised to see how neat and solid some of it is. They are able to take the requisite time to it, and can afford to throw out any material that is not perfectly good, or that they have spoiled in working up.

"No, I cannot say I've noticed that the fancy for hammering is stronger in one set of men than in another. People of New England descent may possibly have a more powerful leaning in that direction than some other folks have. The genuine Yankee takes much delight in making tables and chairs and in doing repairing around the house. To drive a nail in solidly seems to tickle the New England mind. The fine cabinets and desks and highly ornamented pieces of work are turned out mostly by professional men. Two business men that I know have a special fancy in the line of wheelwright work, such as baby carriages. A man on Long Island had a passion for making odd-shaped tall clocks, and a man living on the Hudson river will turn out as handsome an oak chest as you would wish to see. He uses English wood which has been carefully seasoned. In fact, most of them have specialties. Some prefer house carpentry, and are always pulling down or putting up something new for the family's comfort; others take to joinery, marquetry or fancy turned work.

"The getting up of pieces of furniture in imitation of antique styles has the call just now. I saw one of my customers breaking apart a splendid old solid mahogany wardrobe the other day that he had recently purchased. In answer to my question he said he wanted the dark, seasoned wood to make into an old-time cabinet. It was not a bad idea, but would be an expensive one for a professional carpenter to indulge in.

"What do they do with their finished work? Oh, they often give it to friends. I saw a fine chiffonier not long since which was made by a New York man for a present to his daughter. Some of their best pieces of cabinet work, however, are kept at home. The amateur carpenter will sometimes undertake to furnish an entire room with articles of his own make. I can show you a very pretty study that its owner, a literary man, spent four years in fixing up.

"A lawyer told me that with a plane in his hand he could sometimes originate a much better defense for a client than he could with a pen; the pen came in only after his line of argument had been thought out. He said that the points for the best defense he ever made came to him just as he succeeded in getting the better of a knotty piece of cherry which had bothered him the whole evening. I asked him why he chose carpentry to work at rather than something else. He said it was because it combined exercise with ideas. He had tried the gymnasiums, but that kind of exercise did not interest him.

"As a rule amateur carpenters seem to prefer to do their work alone. Carpentry is a solitary pleasure, something like brook fishing."—*N. Y. Sun.*

## The Indian School at Hampton.

This year has been marked by the occupation of Winona, the new building for Indian girls. It has done more for them in some ways than ten years' school work. The pride they take in the building is an education in itself. They have now a good opportunity for industrial training, and are taught to cut, sew, mend, sweep, scrub, dust, wash, and iron, under careful direction. The new building has broadened and strengthened the Indian work in almost every direction. A feature of this year's work has been the taking of young married people as students in the school. Three such couples have been received, two from the Omaha and one from the Sioux tribe. The Sioux family and one of the Omahas, each brought with them a little pappoose about a year old. The parents attend school half a day and work the other half with the other scholars. We have attempted at Hampton nothing more hopeful than this in training Indians. The husband and wife advance together with common interests. A home will be established, on their return to the reservation, and their future will be comparatively secure.

It is interesting to notice, as side issues in this experiment, the increase of courtesy in the brave for his wife, and the growing care of the mother for her child, and the effort she makes to keep her husband's possessions, her room and her baby, and—last of all—herself, clean and tidy. It is touching, too, to watch the increasing expression of tenderness of the father to his child. At first he evidently regards tending the little bit of humanity with scorn, and the woman carries the heavy baby while the man walks unburdened beside her. But the father grows to take great pride in his boy, and often relieves the mother now of part of the burden. He is never urged to this course, but is probably aware that it gives great satisfaction. We have seen some striking developments of Indian character in this direction. Nothing could be more exquisitely tender than the care of one of these big braves for his sick child, a few weeks ago. The mother seemed awkward beside him.

The three families are now in Winona. It is intended to build, during the summer, two small frame houses—costing $200 apiece—like the better class of houses at the agencies, and to teach two of the families to make in them as attractive and happy homes as possible with such materials as can be procured at their homes. Their places will be filled by other carefully selected young married people, who will, in their turn, make the same experiment in housekeeping. Funds for these two cottages have been procured.—*Southern Workman.*

## "Charity Begins at Home."

"Simmer it down, and public charity means takin' de money which a man has saved by hard work an' economy an' usin' it to support de man who has squandered time an' money widout a car' as to what became of him. It am blackmail on industry—it am a slap at economy—it am a kick at industry. How does it come dat wid dis kentry constantly growin'in wealth, an' constantly furnishing increased chances fur poo' men to get along, dat pauperism am also increasin'? Eight-tenths of de saloons in America am supported by men whose families need ebery cent dey airn fur clothin' an' bread, an' who rely on public charity in case of a hard winter. De kentry has five times as many paupers as it had fifteen y'ars ago! Why? Kase we raise five times as much money to support 'em. "An' now let me ask you a plain queshun: If I work hard, week in an' week out—if my wife works hard an' economizes—if we patch an' darn, dye, an' cut ober—if we buy cheap tea an' coffee, an' pare the 'taters close, an' manage to pay for a little home, an' put money in de bank fur sickness or death, has any human bein' a right to ask me to give one penny to a man who has thrown away scores of dollars for beer an' tobacco—who plays keeds an' shakes dice for money—who works only when he feels like it—who never dreams of economy—who never practices self-denial? I reckon not! Let us now turn our faces towards de rowteen ob bizzness."—*Brother Gardner in Detroit Free Press.*

## A Russian Fable.

A peasant was one day driving some geese to a neighboring town where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand, and, to say the truth, he did not treat his flock of geese with much consideration. I do not blame him, however; he was anxious to get to the market in time to make a profit, and not only geese, but men, must expect to suffer, if they hinder gain. The geese, however, did not look on the matter in this light, and happening to meet a traveler walking along the road, they poured forth their complaints against the peasant who was driving them. "Where can you find geese more unhappy than we are? See how this peasant is hurrying on this way and that, and driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow as he is, he never thinks how he is bound to honor and respect us; for we are the distinguished descendants of those very geese to whom Rome once owed its salvation, so that a festival was established in their honor." "But for what do you expect to be distinguished yourselves?" asked the traveler. "Because our ancestors—" "Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is, what good have you yourselves done?" "Why, our ancestors saved Rome." "Yes, yes: but what have *you* done of the kind?" "We? Nothing." "Of what good are you then? Do leave your ancestors at peace. They were honored for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roasting."

## A Railroad Story.

A few years ago an enormously wealthy banker was traveling from Munich to Vienna by rail. In the same carriage with himself was a gentleman accompanied by a friend. The stranger was of pleasing manners, and the purse-proud banker at length condescended to enter into conversation with him, and gradually even (as he himself expressed it) took a liking to "the man." He even went so far as to say at last, "You seem to be a good sort of a fellow and a gentleman. Look here, I am going to Vienna to see my daughter, who is married there, is awfully rich, and keeps a tiptop house. I will introduce you to her." The stranger thanked him, and mentioned that, by a curious coincidence, he too was traveling to Vienna to see his daughter. "Your daughter, indeed!" said the banker, with considerable arrogance; "and pray who may she be?" "The Empress of Austria," was the calm reply. The stranger was the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, father of the present Empress of Austria and the ex-Queen of Naples; the companion was his aide-de-camp. It is needless to add that the millionaire utterly collapsed.—*London Society.*

"BELIEVE I'll try to mend some of my bad habits," said Jones, in a fit of penitence. "I wouldn't, dear," replied his superior fraction sweetly, "your bad habits are certainly in an excellent state of repair."

"THANK heaven!" exclaimed a fond father, as he paced the floor at midnight with his howling heir; "thank heaven, you are not twins!"